Enter the Herald.

Gods will what meanes this? knowſt thou not
That we haue fined theſe bones of ours for ranſome?
Her. I come great King for charitable fauour,
To ſort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the fielde lye ſpoiled and troden on.
Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I do not know whether the day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keepe the field.
Her. The day is yours.
Kin. Praiſed be God therefore:
What Caſtle call you that?
Her. We call it Agincourt.
Kin. Then call we this the fielde of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Criſpin, Criſpianus.
Flew. Your Grandfather of famous memory,
If your Grace be remembred,
Is do good ſeruice in France.
King. Tis true *Flewellen.*
Flew. Your Maieſty ſayes very true.
And it pleaſe your Maieſty,
The Welſhmen there was do good ſeruice,
In a Garden where Leekes did grow,
And I thinke your Maieſty will take no ſcorne,
To weare a Leeke in your cap vpon S. Dauies day.
King. No Flewellen, for I am Welſh as well as you.
Flew. All the water in Wye will not waſh your welch
Blood out of you. God keepe it, and preſerue it,
To his graces will and pleaſure.
King. Thankes good Countrey-man.
Flew. By Ieſu I am your Maieſties Countryman, (man.
I care not who kno it, ſo long as your maieſty is an honeſt
King. God keepe me ſo. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the ſcattered French,

Exit Heralds.

Call

Call yonder ſouldier hither.
Flew. You fellow, come to the King.
Kin. Fellow, why doſt thou weare that glou
Soul. And pleaſe your maieſty, tis a raſcall
gard with me the other day: and he hath one
which if euer I ſee, I haue ſworne to ſtrike hi
the like to mee.
Kin. How thinke you Flewellen, is it lawful
Oath?
Fl. And it pleaſe your Maieſty tis lawful to
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a begga
treads vpon too blacke ſhooes.
King. His enemy may be a Gentleman of w
Flew. And if he be as good a Gentleman a
Belzebub, and the diuell himſelfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vow.
King. Well ſirrha keepe your word,
Vnder what Captaine ſerueſt thou?
Soul. Vnder Captaine *Gower.*
Flew. Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine,
And hath good litterature in the warres.
Kin. Go call him hither.
Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit ſouldier.

Kin. Captaine Flewellen, when *Alanſon* a
Were downe together, I tooke this gloue f
Heere Flewellen weare it.
If any challenge it, he is a friend of *Alonſons*
And an enemy to me.
Flew. Your Maieſty doth me as great a fa
As can be deſired in the hearts of his ſubiect
I would ſee that man now that wold challe
And it pleaſe God of his grace I would but
That is all.
King. *Flewellen* knowſt thou Captaine *G*
Flew. Captaine *Gower* is my friend